THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1262.

Original Poetry.

THE PIC NIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. S. CONDIE.

"Smiles! and tears! Sorrow's kind mixture, And honey dew of Eglantine!"

Shakspeare.

Ye who have pass'd the sunny days,
On the white sail'd waters bound,
Or by the wide sail'd steamer's breast,
Have heard the music's sound,
The gaiety, the vision, the laughing call:
The smile of joy, and the tear of friends to part,
Then Schuylkill's rippling down of waves,
Or where the widened span is hid
By the dark forest's shade,
Where sojourn beds, and flowers of gold,
The quick'ning of the heart to joy unfold,
While dreams of rapture softly fall,
Lull every thought of sorrow lulled.
The silence that pervaded, when all
Were seated, listening to the words,
The life of every heart,
Or the rise stories of tuneful birds—

Awake the hollow and the hoar
Echoings of the sound, and shall
And bade the mourning trees arise
Their drooping branches, and their leaves,
Remembered well, and treasured long,
Shall all these moonlight pleasures be!
And shall I waste in simple song
The evening's soluble pageantry?
When Lucy, beautiful
According to her mild true truth,
Made all the brightest to smile around her,
As streamed their loving radiance back
And taunted in the moonlight fair,
How many a long and cherished name
As parted our long procession, where
The bright'ning of the moon
The raise pause—the severed ranks—
The fierce attack—the denial surprise,
Oh, were an end Schuylkill made,
May nowhere pause destructive rise.
O well remembered days!
Our bonny day at Eagle-field!
The day whose every part and sheet were clear,
The evening with its silver shield.

Original Tales.

MARY ORMOND.

A Domestic Tale.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A LADY CONTRIBUTOR

CHAPTER I.

It was a summer evening. The sun was tinging the night clouds about him—it was the year, even but hidden clouds, and throwing a red light on the trees, the vine which was trailing around the dwelling. The birds were carolling their evening songs amid the branches—and the cattle were quietly grazing in the rich earth. The beautiful twilight of that eve shewed through the half opened window of a neat but humble cottage, and the sound of the voice of prayer fell upon a bell on attuned that its occupant could look out upon the radiant sky, lay one whose pale and wasted features and air of extreme debility told of time and suffering had sadly ravaged. Her dark eye was well yet bright as she looked out upon the expecting day or on some fair object, but there was a sad smile played round her pallid lips. Seated by the bedside with a book on her knee, sat a fair young girl, from which she had been reading and gazing with tearful eyes and a quivering lip upon the invalid was a fair face, and the deep thought and feeling seemed centered in her mother, for such the sick one was. There was the bright beauty, but of a softer cast, on her face, of which only the traces remained in the invalid's. Her eye, though dark, was softened by a shade of blue, and was not lit by the beam of genius, but by that which had fixed her mother's, and her brow was higher and more rounded, but there was the same purity of mouth in both, and the clang of the country produced by her outline which sickness had partly taken away upon the cheek, but upon which mind still could be seen. Her hand clasped her mother's, and as she bent over it with an almost burning heart, her tears fell upon it, and the invalid's soul roused her from the reverie into which she had sunk since her daughter ceased reading. With a look of tenderness love upon the face which was dear to her, she said:

"Mary 'tis nearly over—my only and thought are of leaving you alone in the world and the—— last knowing that you repent at last for your sin, which I cannot give you." Her lip quivered as she said these last words, and her eyes were moistened with tears.

"Mother!" murmured Mary, as her grief burst forth, and she threw her face in the bosom of her had so often been her resting-place, unable to speak.

"Weep not then, my dear Mary," continued the dying woman, "we shall meet again in a fairer world."

"Son, mother, soon! God grant it may be soon, sobbed the weeping girl.

"In his own good time, Mary,—we shall not pray it sooner. We shall meet there never to part; graves not so sure. I part with a look of confidence at which if seemed she would pour forth her fast ebbing life, the mother gazed upon her daughter. "I have told you all, my child, and was continued, "but one thing, which weighs the heaviest on my heart." The mother paused, and an expression of pain passed over her features as she closed her eyes and thought of the past; but soon recovering herself she said:

"In the matter of their father, I would fain be better, Mary, which you will send—when I am gone. It will tell you a sad tale, one that I've never told, and which will be a heavy one for Mary! I dare kindly of your mother!" and her frame shook as if the full throng of bad memories would break. Mary could not control her sobs. She feared what her mother said, but the only words that remained on her mind were those which conveyed the idea of death, and her own loneliness. Not that she was selfish, but the thought of losing her mother whom she had so loved, and who had been to her all, so beloved, and being left without that endearing tie, alone in her desolate home, alone in the world, made her heart (such was her youth) sink within her, and the grasp almost to bursting. Her mother had broken spoken of death, for she felt that life in her was over, that she could not survive the loss of her only parent forever; but never till now had Mary felt that she knew or near that should occur to her to be taken to her than all else on earth. She now saw that Death's icy finger was touching that beloved form, and would soon freeze the heartbeat of her mother, the really weighed upon her spirit with an overwhelming power that shut out all other feelings.

"Mary," again said her mother with a choked voice, while her fast glancing eye was suffused with a tear, "let us pray together once more, and God will give you strength to bear your trials."

Mary arose to check her grief and bowed her head by her mother's bosom while the dying one prayed with a fond voice for fervent spirit, that her son might be with the orphan, to comfort and support her, and that her own spirit might be at peace dear still to watch over her own child. The prayer was echoed from Mary's bosom, and peace entered them to still its pain and sanctify the solemn hour.

A calm, too, came over the dying woman; she closed her eyes and seemed still communing in prayer, while Mary sat by clasping her hand and watching the holy stillness that was creeping over that beloved face. Once more she opened her eyes and looked fondly upon her child, she murmured a blessing and returned a kiss. The traits of the most gone, and Mary, unconscious of the light of living from her mother's features, the light of heaven and the light of life, and when darkness came down upon the earth and the stars shone forth the messengers of love, she still sat there—holding the hand of the dead.

A few days and Mary had followed the remains of her parent to the grave, and returned to realize the desolation of her home, and to be made more miserable by the knowledge of a secret was contained in her mother's letter. Her neighbors, with whom she had made her mother not herself had ever been intimate, performed all the kind offices of friends on the occasion which required them, and Mary had thanked them with the deepest gratitude, but their regard for her sacred grief, or her fear that the cottagers had to a degree avoided them, impelled them to ask her young woman to her own thoughts, with only a young girl, a servant, who seemed to Left young thought of anyone behind. Mary rather a burden than a companion, at a resistant upon the return of which she was not indulged. But that restraint was, indeed, a blessing, for it prepared her mind to endure a greater sorrow.

It was a beautiful morning when Mary and the birds were singing gaily in the old elm that overhung the cottage, and flowers, which had been Mary's' surrounded away from her mother were smiling in the sun's rays that crept through the foliage to play with them. But this outward joy and pleasant life found no response in the heart's or's heart, and she turned from it to the scene with

And there her sad was everything. All around was connected with the departed; the same strange tones that had pleased her were there, the books she read, the flowers she loved, but, oh, not her, which had seemed like a pervading spirit of joy was not. Each object was some memorial of the past, and that Mary, in the solitude of the place, the last, and to break the spell she turned to a flower and took from it the letter her mother had caused to her in her last hour, and which till now she had not courage to read, or had not dared to open. With tearful eyes she broke the seal, and the superscription, "Mary," and then with a deep sigh broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"I write, my dear Mary, to tell you in this letter, which you will read when I am gone, what I have my weak heart will not permit me to say. And take I have to tell, but I feel that you should know it, and if there is one, as I think there is, who would shame but let with you, that he too may know it me that step he takes which should be happiness, but which I fear might be misery. And that my Mary, it seems as if it might bless me even in another world, to know that you forgive me. My error was in early days, when I lived with my mother in her little Rye Grass cottage. I was roughly left to a young and engaging man who professed love, and I, in the simplicity of my heart, believed him. I was deceived, I imagined his affection, and I gave my heart and hand from it the letter her mother had caused to her in her last hour, and which till now she had not courage to read, or had not dared to open. With tearful eyes she broke the seal, and the superscription, "Mary," and then with a deep sigh broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"Part!" echoed Morland in amazement.

"It must be so—for our own happiness it must be so. If we should ever meet again, I will forget it."

"Do you doubt my faith?" asked Morland, reproachfully.

"Oh no! but if ever we should I would you did not love as well as I feel you do. It is not that, but there is something that prevents our union, and which I cannot now in vain and must be kept from you. Farewell!" and she pressed his hand to her lips, and left him.

"What cannot have you, Mary, for this cause? ——— ——— ———

United States
SATURDAY POST.
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL C. WOOD & SONS, No. 360,
Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1845.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen in the minds of subscribers in the transmission of subscription money, and as the Post Office law, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money can conveniently be paid to the publisher, is required to receive it from any person who desires to pay it, and to give a certificate of the letter, who undertakes to pay it to the publisher, and to forward the letter, free of postage, to the publisher.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the sum so paid to him, with the names of the persons by whom, and the publications for which it was paid, in a letter to the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post Office Department.

The Post Master must also inform the Publishers, that he is not authorized to frank any letter but by virtue of a power of attorney, the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master in the place where the money is payable.

FORM.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be adopted by the Publisher:

"Post Office, ——, Pa., September 15, 1845.
Received from Stephen Hollow, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia Saturday Post, for one year, for Timothy Two" — which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office Circular.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulations, will be treated, by mail, rules of subscribers banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. C., Lexington. The paragraph which he refers to will be found in the number for September 1st, not every observant. The error is so palpable as to escape notice—typographical pardon which is often needed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The constant reader of the Post does not require to be told that the writer of this article remains his place after a recent compelled by one of the most effective dispensations of Providence which could smash down the heart. He refers to it merely as much to distrade his private griefs upon the public, as to make his heartfelt acknowledgments for the friendship and kindness which have more than solids his place good in his absence; and which has ministered to him in a manner more grateful to his feelings sympathy and delicate kindness could be lend such a wound. May they never lack consolations as efficient!

The return between the editor of a journal and his readers is a peculiar one. He does not write what he chooses, and when he prefers it, with total lost his occupation occurs with the successive dates of his paper; and his thoughts must take the line of his circumstances. Time is, then, a sort of property in the editor's mind held by his readers, and they can pardon occasional egotism, if they can not encourage being, so far as his mental exercises are concerned, wholly theirs. He reads but for their service, thinks but in their behalf, and writes only to present such portions of his harvest of thought and study, as his experience tells him is likely to be acceptable and profitable.

Pardon us then, if there be apparent any short coming or palpable error in our labors. Think of the head weary with long watchings—the heart sick with loneliness—the right hand weak as the weakest. Think of the vacant chair in the occupant of which—never in the silent place—the writer had many years been in the pleasant habit of receiving his dictations for collection—his difficulties for enlightenment—his counsel for guidance; and, in truth twenty years, it is but honest tribute to say that he never did wrong, when he followed her counsel; while her aversion when he was on slanderous, and heart when he persisted in customary, have often chastened him in folly, or won him from it with proud promise.

But as the Post, the sunlight which had long shone upon our path, is veiled but for a season—is clouded—we trust upon a mission the glory of the Redeemer, when earthly sorrows shall seem but as the inconvenience of a brief journey happily terminated in the haven of rest. He whose strength is delightful, though the deprivation of her presence and the loss to her children be a terrible calamity, and the hope of everlasting life which found utterance in the last syllables which the articulated commend her friends, as on their thanksgivings to Him who gave and who has taken away. Be Name! Him for those who have departed that life in Holiness, and love.

To the friend who paid the delicate tribute to her memory, in the last Post, we are deeply grateful, and our heart warms to all who have expressed their confidence. Our correspondents will not, we know, expect loding a particular notice to each their readers, kindness, shall suffer as little as we can make it possible from the Editor's melancholy. If it betrays itself they must overlook it. Nor on the other hand, let any suspect that because the Editor feels with his pen, the more does not feel. We have a duty to our newspaper constituents which must be performed, and we have no right to betray it farther than we have perhaps already done in giving space to a matter of purely personal feeling.

The reader will find on to-days paper quite a variety of intelligence, the most important of which is the account of the Mormon difficulty. On a review of that article, it strikes us, that, with some persons a question may suggest itself of how we obtained into an appraisal of such law. From any such conclusion we utterly dissent, but when editors are committed, we feel, for the honor of the press, we should add that can be shown it we intimation. The greater the outrage, the more is this impartiality necessary.

Mr. Gough's statement will be found on the out side of this paper. We publish it as the free expression of any opinion, as the reader is as well per sonal of the data upon which to make up his mind as we are. Mr. G. is, we learn, still seriously and alarmingly ill.

GREAT ROBBERY.

Mr. Reuben Rowley, of Wrentham, Mass. while came passenger from New York in the steamboat Massachusetts, from Stonington, on Friday week was betrayed by a youth, which a fellow passenger gave him, and robbed of his pocket book containing $675,000. The money consisted of ten $500 notes four on the Suffolk Bank, Mass. four on the Mechanics' Bank, Mass. and one on the Hamilton Bank, Mass.—$4,000 on the Wrentham Bank in $1000 and $500, $1,000 in New York State money, in notes and dues. The money was contained in five packages of $2,000 each, and one of $1,000. Mr. Rowley called a watchman, and had the boat searched with diligence, violent cramp and vomiting soon after eating the peach, which had doubtless been prepared for the purpose. The fruit of the thieves had been received last night. Mr. R. says thanks he money was in the value which is also stolen. The Police of New York have they think, detected some clue to the robber.

DISGUISES.

No little trouble, we suspect, will be found in identifying the multitude disturbers in New York on their dangerous work. would appear to have embraces it with an intention to defy our question. One, which was exhibited to Tuesday's, was certainly very perfection of dungeon. A head piece is made of cotton cloth red, yellow, black or white, which covers entirely the head, but the whole head and neck, leaving holes for the eyes and mouth, to give free access for the breath. A coat of calico, made something like a woman's night gown, and reaching down to the knees, covers the upper man, and being made and worn loose, alters very much the appearance of the man as to the size and height. Pantaloons of calico, made very large and full completes the disguise, and leave nothing of the man visible but his eyes and feet.

THE MORMON WAR.

The difficulty at the West, which grew out of hostilities and the intolerance on the other, has assumed a serious character. The Mormons have organized themselves into a military body, and have chosen officers, with Brigham Young at their head, as Commander-in-chief. The Governor of Illinois has called out the militia of the State, and has ordered them to the scene of disturbance. The Mormons have refused to submit to the authority of the State, and have declared that all the citizens of Illinois, who are not of their number, shall leave the State. The Governor has called upon the President for assistance, and has ordered the militia to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice. The supposed number of the Saints on the one hand, and the unconstitutional and base proceedings of the Governor on the other, would lead to the belief that a bloody conflict is inevitable. The counsels of President Polk will be looked to with interest in this difficulty.

The manner in the burning of two dwellings by their neighbors, the old settlers, was promptly set forth by the Fulton County papers. The editor of that paper says that he is acquainted with the whole county, and that the charge of the burning of the Mormons, or old inhabitants, is absolutely intolerable. He says that the only remedy is to "move off and leave their lands, villages and towns, to drive the Mormons off. Nobody will come in to purchase their property but Mormons, and they are too poor to pay the public many of them are in debt to the extent. Either the inhabitants of the county who settled it before the Mormons came in, and who were then in a majority, must remain under the present condition, must leave the county at the sacrifice of every thing, or the Mormons must go. To live together in peace is impossible. The Mormons must go. We want no more law in the neighborhood, or a clan of Wild Arabs, so as that of an ignorant, fanatical, thieving and lawless Mormon community."

This is perhaps a strong view—but is not exaggerating—nearly there might be more applied to it, and in framing the law to operate on thereon, if that is the character of the Mormons—and at any rate, we should prefer to more off, if that were the only alternative, rather than engage in the terrible proceedings which latterly have been enacted in this part of Illinois. We shall not however attempt to judge the conduct of people who suffer under grievances which we do not feel. Our endeavor is only to present an account of the matter so far as it has progressed. The immediate commencement of the disturbances is differently stated, of course by the different parties. The Anti-Mormons allege that a meeting of citizens was recently held near Lima, to consider the best means to protect their property from the depredations of the Mormons, and that while the meeting was in session, it was fired upon by some Mormons, and compelled to flee. This led to disorder. On the other hand, it is affirmed, that the Mormons were assembled peaceably, and that this being was a trick resorted to by the anti-Mormons to create a pretext for the outrages which they subsequently committed. In the midst of these conflicting statements, it is constantly after, the burnings commenced, and two dwellings—one the first fruit which we learn to have been destroyed—many of them, if not all, occupied by innocent persons.

But before we proceed further, an account of the position of the parties is the controversy, and the intentions of the country may not be misapprehended.

The Mormons it from the Pittsburgh Gazette.

"Adams and Hancock counties are situated on the Mississippi river, from 140 to 180 miles above St. Louis. The city of Quincy is the chief town in Adams county, and Warsaw the principal town on the river in Hancock county, with the exception of Nauvoo, which is the chief town of Hancock county. Nauvoo is immediately south of Adams county, and lays partly on the Mississippi river. Commerce is situated on the river, Warsaw about 12 miles from the mouth of the Illinois river, and Nauvoo about 16 miles above Warsaw, and about 15 miles down the river from Quincy. The distance between these places are the well known Des Moines, or Lower Rapids of the Mississippi. Carthage the county seat of Hancock, is situated in the centre of the county, and about twenty miles from the river. Quincy is about 20 miles from each. The county, from 3 to 5 miles back from the river, is nearly all rolling prairie, with occasional groves. Three-fourths of the county would think it cultivated. This is the reason that the smoke of the burning houses can be seen so far. The settlements are scattered over the whole county. Lima, the present seat of the war, is situated in the southern part of Hancock county, about 15 miles from Warsaw, and about the same from Carthage, and about 20 from Nauvoo. The principal settlement of Mormons, in the neighborhood of Lima, is partly in Hancock and partly in Adams county.

Our readers will thus see that the war is not at all confined to Nauvoo, but that other large settlements of Anti-Mormons, until you come within about 20 miles of Nauvoo, have been driven together settled by Mormons. Nauvoo contains about 12,000 inhabitants, and is pretty well built of brick and the inhabitants are well armed. A war steamboat has been built there for the chief, Mr. Father M.

The avowed purpose of the Anti-Mormons at the above the Mormons from the State. They are said to be divided into two parties, one of which is known as the *Fire and Sword* Company—whose duty it is to set fire to Mormon buildings, and to drive the Mormons off. The other division act as spies and guards, generally not appearing or taking a very prominent part. These two subdivided men proved very ludicrous. One Mormon says that a couple of clerks wanted him out of his house, and lookt about it closely before he left, as they seemed to be loth to leave. Said one to the other, "I wish we would have said him a lift of goods! Not—I once meant to be their present axe and they have made me attempt at something, though they cut another their opponents. Mr Babbitt, the Mormon presentative from Hancock county, in the last Legislature, was murdered by one of the Spies! I never that they intended to stand by the law, until every homestead was destroyed. If they do, the last single portion of the State will have a hard ball to pay for the property that destroyed. The editor of the St. Louis Republican thus describes the latest burning process, which he witnessed:—

The anti Mormons in the best manner of driving the Mormons over have resolved upon burning all their dwellings, but at the same time manifest a proper anxiety not to inflict injury upon the rest and property. They have provided property in any of the grain or crops. In this they are very careful, and, I believe, where the contrary has been the case, it has been accidental. On arriving at a place called Morley's settlement, a number of Mormon residences had been burnt, and the work was going on with a will. The dwellings were about twenty rods apart, and were built of logs, and were generally put up, and a cable was thrown around the house, and the men, with a long chain, drawn by the united force of about twenty horses, they would rent before they would fall. It was only necessary to pull once, when it was all in a blaze.

The houses destroyed—other numbers variously estimated—were all of logs, and were generally built from Natchez, as will appear by the account above given of the geography of the country. The strong log houses, with their port holes, are said to have been approached; and although a proposition had been sent to the Anties, by the Mormons, that they would leave the State on the first day of next month, to dispose of their property, it was rejected, because there is no doubt that the aggregate is terrible, but when you divide the plunder by the number of days they have to make the value of their spoils less than three per diem for the whole time, and the cost is less than a thousand dollars, for "turn there are very valuable farms in the county.

So, it will be perceived that the individual is, after all, only what is called a moderate drinker, and in this he is one of the largest class. The number is calculated to give the most impressive warning. How is the cost to be estimated by the mere sum of money which it takes to drink? The loss of time and temper, the obfuscations of intellect, and the formation of a second nature more or less debased, are items which cannot be estimated at dollars and cents.

JERSEY ELECTION.

The Governor of New Jersey has appointed an election to the second Congressional District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. Samuel G Wright, to take place on Tuesday, the 4th day of November next.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

We are deeply pained to hear of the explosion of a steam boiler, near Corpus Christi, Texas, by which

[illegible] persons were killed and [illegible] others dangerously wounded. The Union says that the accident happened on the 14th ult., have been received at Washington. The boiler was one in particular construction. Arrets has been at Mier, but

Benjamin A. Berry, 4th Sergeant, [illegible] killed, or were also four soldiers and two negro slaves. The number of wounded is not given, but was probably equipped with slight wounds and contusions only. Among those latter, Asst. Surgeon Cruttenden had a hand shattered by the escape of steam. Lieut. Col. Twiggs was severely injured by the falling of the roof of the building over him. Capt. Hunter was also severely injured by the falling of the roof. Lieut. Col. Twiggs, it is hoped, will soon be able to resume the command of his regiment.

The accident has caused a feeling of gloom and despondency throughout the Camp, which will not be removed by Gen. Taylor's order, that no more fast night days before leaving New Orleans for this place. Gen. Taylor, it is said, has been very kind to all who knew him, that he was "out of this" [illegible] and that he would have been more severely wounded if he had been present.

OLD BACHELORS.

Grant Thorburn, who with all his self-sufficiency and personal vanity has much good sense, thus discourses on old bachelors:

"These consummate blockheads bachelors, they can most join the base and cry to defame the most honorable estate. Some of them are ashamed of renewing courtesy in all laws, letters and divine ordinances. Others are ashamed to be called by the name of wife, they are not able, say they, to support a wife. Others are ashamed to be called husband, for such a title wears too much and the tobacco you can not afford. Others are ashamed that you can not afford to keep a carriage, with and an article that your fathers never saw; but it would be safer to support a carriage than a wife and this in the present state of commerce, is a mere nothing. Something was hoped, at one time, from the Rail Road, but that is now all exploded. That important body in the State Legislature has struck with much alarm at the advance of the fashion of the day, but the danger is not sufficiently imminent to induce wisdom; and not in the existing government strong enough to repress the folly of the fashionable portion. From English capitalists, little is to be expected, as Mexico is already much in arrears to them. The prospect now is that wars is gathering more, that they have reconstructed the formation of societies in all the provinces for raising contributions.

CAPT. PERCIVAL.

Capt. Percival, now in command of the U. S. Frigate Constitution, is one of the most prompt and energetic officers in the service. He is a native of Connecticut, and is about 45 years of age. Among sailors he has long been known by the sobriquet of "Mad Jack." He is a Captain Percival, and proud of his high-place. It is related of him that having vowed a sailor to be tied up for punishment, he approached him with a rope in a Cat and Nine Tails, and "you!" The culprit who fancied that the circumstance might serve him favorably, said, "Yes, Sir!" "Then you shall be tied up with hope. But a change came over the spirit of his dream, when Capt. Percival added, "and you shall be flogged with the rope and an extra dozen for degrading your birth-place!"

The Boston Atlas, from which we get the following account of the reception of Capt. Percival, is not sure, but he is not a man to relinquish a purpose which he entertains. In the course of our wanderings we have been repeatedly told of the "Mad Captain." While, however, on the western coast of South America we were informed a story of the Captain's having [illegible] a sailor to the mast head for [illegible] to Capt—then Lieut. Percival.

The U. S. Frigate Constitution, Capt. Percival on her passage from Rome to Canton, put into Valparaiso, Chile, on the 15th of last month for water. Although this place is the principal sea-port of the kingdom of Chile, it is but a small town, and is by no means to be found in the place, and to communicate was to be had with the natives, except through the agency of the Consul of some one of the foreign powers. They remained three or four days, before any of the officers went on shore. The Chilean Consul had been allowed to go ashore, but not walk about), and to the Mandarin-ordered to wait on him, and to secretly delivered by one of them, purporting to be from the Governor of the place, or Le Jefe, who signed himself Bishop of Isaurapolos, and Apostolic Vicar of Corpus Christi, stating that he had been informed by the Government, just in time, and consequently of the Mandarin's visit, that a frigate was in the shore before the contents of this letter were ascertained. Capt P. determined to demand the Priest, in person, and proceeded on shore with an armed force. As he went ashore he was met by one of the Highest or Chief Mandarin, he seized three of the Mandarins, and subsequently took possession with three of the ship's boats, of three of their junks. The gun boats fired at the approach of the boats, but not one of the shots took effect. Capt. P. had then not once changed their. The Junks and the Mandarins were subsequently released.

EFFECTS OF WAR.

The Boston Journal publishes the following list of the British ships of war and British merchant ships, captured by the Americans in the short war of June, 1812, to the battle of New Orleans, on 8th January, 1815:

In all 56 vessels of war—866 guns.

Merchant Ships, &c.

764 ships,			
158 brigs,			
128 schooners,			
128 sloops,			
20 revenue cutters re-captured,			
Total	1198		1198
	7425 vessels		7995 guns

Besides the above destruction of British property by the Americans, there were lost by the latter, otherwise, on the coast of the United States, during the said war, the following British ships of war:

Leopard,	50	Halcyon,	20
Shannon,	50	Whiting,	20
Southampton,	44	Dominica,	20
Guerriere,	44	Boxer,	18
Java,	44	Peacock,	18
Statira,	38	Epervier,	18
Macedonian,	38	Reindeer,	18
Alert,	20	Avon,	18
Penguin,	20	Pelican,	18
Frolic,	20	Robert,	18
Caledonia,	20	Boxer,	18
Cadiz,	20	Derling,	16

Add 56 per cent. for carrying over their rate, 1198

Total, 1866

If we add to the above list of vessels, nearly an equal number of our own, we shall arrive at the probable amount of destruction occasioned by a three years war, in the single item of vessels. To this is to be added the value of the cargoes of many of them enormously rich, and many of which were burnt or sunk to avoid the fate of capture by the enemy. The money destroyed—the number variously estimated—as will appear by the account above given of the geography of the country. The strong houses, with their port holes, are said to have been approached; and although a proposition had been sent to the Anties, by the Mormons, that they would leave the State on the first day of next month, to dispose of their property, it was rejected, because there is no doubt that the aggregate is terrible, but when you divide the plunder by the number of days they have to make the value of their spoils less than three per diem for the whole time, and the cost is less than a thousand dollars, for "turn there are very valuable farms in the county.

So, it will be perceived that the individual is, after all, only what is called a moderate drinker, and in this he is one of the largest class. The number is calculated to give the most impressive warning. How is the cost to be estimated by the mere sum of money which it takes to drink? The loss of time and temper, the obfuscations of intellect, and the formation of a second nature more or less debased, are items which cannot be estimated at dollars and cents.

JERSEY ELECTION.

The Governor of New Jersey has appointed an election to the second Congressional District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. Samuel G Wright, to take place on Tuesday, the 4th day of November next.

SEAMEN.

The annual meeting of the Seamen's Friend Society, for the benefit of Seamen, was held in this city on Monday evening last. The Rev. Dr. Ducachet presided, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

[illegible]

The Rev. Mr. Ducachet, Rev. Mr. Patterson, Rev. Mr. Hall, Rev. Mr. Hodge, Rev. Mr. Boyd, Rev. Mr. Wyatt

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 paid in advance.

Clubs [illegible] will not be taken from the Post Office until all arrearages are paid.

Postmasters are requested to act as agents for the Post.

Persons desiring to act as agents for the Post will please send for specimen numbers.

Letters on business must be directed to the Publisher, and post paid.

Subscriptions may commence from any time.

Back numbers can be supplied in part.

Specimen numbers will be furnished gratis when desired.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JARDIN, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the Post.

JAMES PITCHER, of Cincinnati, and JOHN F. JONES, of Lexington, Ky., are authorized agents for the Post.

Mr. T. F. BOWEN is agent for the Southern and Western States, and Canada, assisted by James F. Otis, Wm. Thomas and Charles Bowen, Jr. Mr. Bowen resides in Philadelphia, and is Travelling Agent in that city.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE authorized to act as Printer.

JAMES PITCHER is our Travelling Agent in the West.

Notices of New Works.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE SOUTHERN WAR, between the United States of America and Great Britain. By Charles J. Ingersoll, a Philadelphian. Vol. 1. Philadelphia. This work will be completed in three octavo volumes, the first of which is now before us. The second will appear in 1845-6. This first work will receive universal or unlimited commendation, in all the cities of the United States. The rest of which it treats was from its first conception to its completion a favorite theme with every man of the least information, and by which a reputation of no small value, and by which a reputation of no small value, and by which a reputation of no small value

Selected Poetry.

FACTS IN THE FIRE.

"Old Jones is the boss,
Young Jones is the lad
Who's always a-making
The money fly round.
Young Jones is the spender,
Old Jones is the chap
Who's always a-handing
The money to pay.
Young Jones is the fellow
Who's always a-buying
Whatever he sees
That's pretty and gay.
Old Jones is the miser
Who's always a-saving
Whatever he gets
In his hands or his sight.
Young Jones is the fellow
Who's always a-having
Some pleasure with money
Or money with pleasure.
Old Jones is the fellow
Who's always a-having
The whole of the money
And all of the pleasure.
I have decided his end
Is going to be different,
Positively this is
My final decision